"I aret him whether he was sorry

"You needn't look like that," said Sam

Two pun ten's wot I want of you, an' I'll

Then the cook found words, and with

Dick and Henry for audience made an

impassioned speech in defense of vest-ed interests and the sacred rights of

property. Never in his life had he been

so fluent or so inventive, and when he

Wound up a noble passage on the rights

Sam as a fat sharper, he felt that his case

"Two pun ten," said Sam, glowering at

"Why don't you give the man his money?"

said Dick, warmly. "Peros the syndikit 'ad all fell through,"

patiently. "Give the man 'is money

Everybody knows you was goin' shares

than hinting that he was ready to do the

deaf ear, however, and, declining in en

Annis, and the next morning brought

aloud to the proud father. He read it son

in shirt and trousers, insisting upon lend-

The cargo was all in by 5 o'cleck and the

'Get away about three," he repeated,

and then for Northfleet. Pil have att the

Lands to the wedding, and you shall be best

from the galley, surveyed the ribald scene

Half an hour later the supper and mate went ashore to transact a little business

leaving the old man sleeping peacefully

in the cabn. The crew, havng adjusted

their differences had already gone ashore

to treat each other to beer, leaving Henry

in sole charge. "You'll stay by the ship, toy," said

The two men walked along the quay

and into the High street, the skipper

shrugging his shoulders good-naturedly as

he caught, through a half-open door, a

sacrificing his inclinations to the occa-

favorite whisky For the same reason

"Where's a likely tailor's?" asked the

skipper, looking around.

"What for?" asked the mate.

asked the mate. "How about a fit?"

wax boys in a tailor's window.

hardly refuse to went 'em "

"He wouldn't hear of it," said the skip-

per, pausing in deep contemplation of three

an independent sort of man, but if I buy

the clothes and take 'em aboard he can

He led the way into the shop, and asked

to see some serge suits. At the mate

the mate's further instigntion he asked

whether that was all they had got, and

being told that it was, locked at them

It is ever a difficult thing to fit an ab

sent man, but he and the mate tried on

ean, until the mate, dropping his lighted

every incket in the boos of finding a gold-

cigar in the cont-sleeve of one, and no

finding it as soon as the tailor could have

lesired, the latter lost all patience and

"It's all right," said the mate, as the

Well, why didn't you say so then?"

"Got it cheaper," said the mate with

known, if we'd been suited at first he'd ha

It was quite dark by now, and after

buying a cap and one or two other small

"There's no hurry," he said, putting

articles, the mate led the way into another

his share of bundles on the table with some

relief "What's your poison this time

(To be concluded.)

The First Portrait Photograph

It was in 1842 that John Draper, the

professor in the Eniversity of New

The subject was Elizabeth Draper, his sis

ter. Prof. Draper had the idea that in or

der to produce distinct facial outlines in

the countenance of the person photographed

with flour. This seems a strange notice

now, and it proved not to be a good one

tempts were failures. Finally he left off

the flour and then was quite successful

This so delighted him that he sent the

picture to Sir William Herschel, the emi

nent English astronomer. Sir William wa

in turn delighted, and made known Prof

Draper's success to the scientific men a

Europe. He also sent Prof. Draper a lats

of acknowledgment and congratulation

which has been carefully preserved in the

archives of the Draper family.-Cleveland

Well Enough Where He Was,

An Indian Orchard Swede recently at

nded a revival meeting. During the ex-

cises the leader asked the individuals of

the Lord, and received the usual cheerful

affirmative. When he reached the Swede

however, there was a little misunderstand

"Wall, I don't know," he rep

the question, scratching his head. "I got

ngregation if they wanted to work for

for all of Prof. Draper's early at

rk, made the first portrait pho

"I'd bet you, if it could only be

insisted upon their taking that one

one, too, from the first.

wanted ten bob more for it "

tavern for another drink.

said the skipper.

with a scarcely concealed sneer.

the skipper, looking down on

"Ay, ay, str." said Henry sulkfly.

ceptains and the mate sat over a sub-

The skipper nodded.

man, Jim."

the quay.

together. If the syndikit-

have thought it of you."

take it afore you loss it."

Was won.

bob to Dick."

By W. W. JACOBS.

IX. To the skipper's surprise and disapproval, Annis kept her word. To be sure she could not prevent him from meeting her in the road when the schooner was at Northfleet, his attitude when she tried being one of walful and deliberate

adeptly by taking a populations with her, and when even this was not sufficient added to the number. The day on which see appeared in the road with four small sels was the last day the skipper ac conquinted her. He could only walk in nt or behind, the conversation was sethe smart girls' faces precocious in the

The search went on all the summer, the at the various perts by Walking about as though they had lost something. They all got to Wear a bereaved appearance after time, which, in the case of the cook - who had risked bome capital in the affair - was gradually converted to one of resigna-

At the beginning of September they found themselves at I conbridge, a small town on the East Coast, situated on the River Lebben. As usual, the skipper's inquities revealed nothing. From I ronbridge, two days late, they sailed with a general cargo for Stourwich, the Seamew picking her way carefully down the river by moonlight, followed at an ever lucreasing distance by a cork fender of abandoned aspect.

They passed the brenkwater and dropped anchor in the harter of Stourwich just as the rising san was glowing red on the steeple of the town church. The narrow fishy little streets leading from the quay were deserted, except for one lane, down which sleepy passengers were coming in twos and threes to catch the teat, which was chafing and grinding against the timbers of the jetty and pooring from its twin-funnels dense volumes of smoke to the sting out of the morning air-

Little by little as the Seamew, which was not quite certain as to her berth, rode at anchor, the town came to life Men of marine appearance, in bargy troosers and tight Jerseys, came on the quay and stared meditatively at the water or shooted vebemently at other men, who had got into small beats to bale them out with trusty cans. From some of these loungers, after much shouting and contradictory information, the Seamew discovered be

descination and was soon fast alcogside. The cargo, a very small one, was out by o'clock that afternoon, and the crew, having replaced the hatches and cleaned went ashore together, after extending an invitation to Henry, which was coldly declined, to go with them.

The skipper was already ashore, and the boy, after enduring for some time the sma of the mate. Went, too.

for some time he wandered nimlessly shout the town, with his hands in his pockets. The season was drawing to an and, but a few holiday makers were lounging about on the parade or venturing care fully along the dreary breakwater to get the full benefit of the sea air. Idly watching these and other objects of interest on the seashers, the boy drifted on until he found himself at the adjoining water ing place of Overcourt.

The parade ended in two flights of steps, one of which led to the sands and the other to the road and the cliffs above. For people who cared for neither, thoughtful local authorities had placed a ong sent, and on this Henry placed himself and sat for some time, regarding with the lenity of age the erratic sports of the children below. He had sat there for some time, whose he became idly interested in the movements of an old man walk along the sands to the steps. Arrived at the foot be disappeared from sight, then a hoge hand gripped the handrail, and a peaked cloth cap was revealed to the nterested Henry, for the face of the old man was the face of the wellthumbed photograph in the foc'sle

Unconscious of the wild excitement in the breast of the small boy on the sent, the next flight. you got such a thing as a

as a match-alout you?" said Henry, trying to speak calmly, but failing.
"You're over young to smoke," said the

old man, turning around and regarding At any other time, with any other per son. Henry's retort to this would have

been rade, but the momentous events which depended on his civility restrained blm. "I find it soothing." he said, with m gravity, "if I get overworked or worried." The old man regarded him with

feigned astenishment, a grim smile lurking at the corners of his well-hidden mouth "if you were my boy," he said shortly, as he put his forefinger and thumb into his waintenst pocket and extricated a time ed lucifer, "do you know what I'd to to you?" me smoking," bazarded Henry

cheerfully. "I would that," said the other, turning

How old were you when you started

smoking"" asked the boy. "About your age, I expect," said the old man slowly, "but I was a much bigger chap than you are. A stunted little chap like

you ought not to smoke." Heary snaled wanty, and began to think that the five pounds would be well earned "Will you have a pipe?" he said, prof

fering a gaudy pouch. Confound you!" said the old man, flashing into melden weak anger. "When I ent your tobacco I'll ask you for it."

"No offense," said the boy hastily, "no offense. It's some I cought cheap, and our chaps said I'd been 'ad. I only wanted to see what you thought of it." The old man hesitated a moment, and

then taking the seat beside him, as cepted the proffered pouch and smelt the contents critically. ck clay pipe from his pocket and slowly filled it. kes all right," he said, after a

few paffs. He leaned back, and balf clos-ing his eyes, smoked with the enjoyment of an old smoker, to whom a pipe is a some what rare luxury, while Henry regarded his shabby clothes and much-patched boots

Stranger here?" inquired the old man. amiably. "Schooner 'Seamew' down in the har-

town of Stourwich with a wave of his "Av. ay," said the old man, and smoked

Got to stay here for a few days." said Henry, watching him out of the tall of his eye; "then back,"

"London" suggested the other.
"Northfiest," said Henry carelessly; that's be would allow the skipper to learn what where we came from." The old man's face twitched ever se

alightly, and he blew out a cloud of "Do you live there?" he inquired "Wapping," said Heary; "but I know Northflest very well-Gravesend, too Ever

"Never," said the old man, emphatically;

"Pather a nice place, I think," said Henry. of like it better than Wapping. We've sailed from there a year now. Our shipper is fond of it, too. He s rather sweet on a girl who's teacher in a school

"What school?" asked the old can. The toy gave a slight laugh. "Well, it's good telling you if you don't know the place." he said, easily. "It's a girls' school."

"I used to know a man that lived there." said the other, speaking slowly and care "What's her name?"

"I forget," said the boy, yawning. Conversation flagged and the two sat idly watching the last of the children as they tolled slowly toward home from the sands. The sun had set and the air was

"I'll be getting home," said the old "Good-night, my lad." "Good-night to you," said the well-

mannered Henry.
He watched the old man's still strong

ere as it passed slowly up the steps, and allowing him to get some little distance start, cautiously followed. He fol-lowed him up the steps and along the cliff. The figure in front never balted until it reached a small court at the back of a livery stable then, heedless of the small shadow, now very close behind. It poshed open the door of a dirty little use and entered. The shadow crept up and paused irresolute, then, after a careful survey of the place, stole silently and swiftly away.

The shadow, choosing the road because it was quicker, now danced back to Stour-wich, and jumping lightly on to the school-er, came belied the cook and themped him beavily on the back. Eefore the cook could seize him, he had passe don to Sam, and em bracing as much of that gentleman's water as possible, vainly besought him to dance. "E's off 'is 'ed," said Sam, shaking

himselffree and regarding him unfavorably. "What's wrong, kiddy?" "Nothing," said Henry, jubilantly, "every thing's right. Where's the skipper? I've

got something important to tell 'im -some thing that'll make 'im dance.' "Wot is it?" said the cook, and Sam to-

gether, turning pale. "Now don't get excited," said Henry, holding up his hand warningly; "it's bad for you, Sam, because you're too fat, and it's bad for cookie because 'is ed's weak

You'll know all in good time." He walked aft, leaving them to confer uneasily as to the cause of his jubilant condition, and hustily descending the companion ladder, burst noisily into the cable and surveyed the skipper and mate with a smile, which he intended should be full of Information. Both looked up in surprise, and the skipper, who was in a very bad temper, half rose from his seat.

"Where've you been, you young rascal?" asked, eyeing him stemly, "Looking round," said Henry, still smil-ing as he thought of the change in the

skipper's manner when he should disclose "What right have you to go off like that?" roared the other angrily. "I've half

a mind to give southe soundest thrashing you ever had in your life." "All right," said Henry, somewhat taken mek. When---" "Don't saswerme, youidle young rascall"

said the skipper stamly; "get to bed." "I want to -- " began Henry, chilled by

"Get to bed," repeated the skipper, rising. "Bed?" said Henry, as his face hardened: bed at 7 o'clock?" "I'll ponish you somehow," said the

skipper looking from him to the cook, who had just descended. "Cook!" Yes, sir," said the cook, briskly, "Put that boy to bed," said the other,

"and see he goes now." "A' right, sir," said the grinning cook. "Come along, 'Enery," With a pale ice and a hanghty mien under other circumstances might

have been extremely impressive, Henry, after an entreating plance at the shipper, followed him up the steps. " 'E's got to go to bed," said the cook to

Sam and Dick, who were standing to-gether. "'E's been naughty." "Who said so" asked Sam, eagerly "Skipper," replied the cook "E tok! ne we wos to put him to bed oursleves

"You needn't trouble," said Henry, stiffly. "I'll go all right," "It's no trouble," said Sam, ollify, "It's a pleasure," said Dick, truthfully.

Arrived at the scuttle, Henry halted, and with an assumption of ease he was far from feeling, yawned and looked around at the night

"To to bed," said Sam reprovingly; and stizing bim in his stout arms passed him below to the cook, feet first, as the cook discovered to his cost.

"E ought to be bathed first," said Sam assuming the direction of affairs; "and it's inday night, and 'e ought to have a clean

night gown on." "Is is little bed made?" inquired the cook anxiously.

'Is little bed's just proper," sald Dick putting it.

won't bathe him tonight," said Sam, as he ded a towel apron-wise around his waist. "It 'ud be too long a job. Now, 'Ennery, come on to my lap.'

Aided by willing arms, he took the youth on to his knee, and despite his frantic truggles began to prepare him for his slumbers. At the pressing request of the removed the victim's boots first, and, as Dick said, it was surprising what difference it made. Then having washed the boy's face with soap and flannel, he lifted him into his berth, grinning respectfully up at the face of the mate as it peered down from the scuttle with keen enjoyment of the mene.

"Is the boy asleep?" he inquired aggravatingly as Henry's arms and legs shot st of the berth in mad attempts to reach his tormentors

Sleeping like a little hangel, sir!" said Sam respectfully. "Would you like to come down and see he's all right, sir?" 'Bless bim!" said the grinning mate He went off, and Henry making the best

of a bad job, closed his eyes and refused to be drawn into replying to the jests of the men. Ever since he had been on the schooner he had been free from punishment of all kinds by the strict order of the htpper-a situation of which he had taken the fullest advantage. Now his power was shaken, and he lay grinding his teeth as he thought of the indignity to which he had been subjected.

He resolved that he would keep his discovery to himself. It was an expensive luxury, but he determined to indulge in it, and months or years later, perhaps, e would allow the skipper to learn what

Somewhat soothed by this idea he fell asicep when he arose, weakened somewhat as the morning wore on. The skipper, who had thought no more of the matter after giving his hasty instructions to the cook, was in a soft and amiable mood, "Don't you wish now as you'd joined

and, as Henry said to bimslef fifty pounds was five pounds. By the time to o'clock came he could hold out no longer, and with a full sense of the favor he was about to confer, be ap-

proached the unconscious skipper. by a commotion on the quay, and, looking up, saw the cook, who had gone ashor for vegetables, coming full tilt toward the stip. He appeared to be laboring under strong excitement, and bumped passers-by and dropped cabbages with equal encon

cern. What on earth's the matter with the cook?" said the skipper, as the men sus-pended work to gaze on the approaching figure. "What's wrong?" he demanded starply, as the cook, giving a tremende leap on board, rushed up and spluttered in

"What?" be repeated. chest, garned for breath.

"Cap-tain Gething," panted the conk at last recovering his breath by an effort-Almost as excited as the cook, the skipper sprang ashore, and horried along the quay with him, violently shaking off cer-

respectable citizens who sought to detain the cook and ask what he meant by "I expect you've made a mistake," said

the skipper, as they rapidly reached the small street. "Don't run-we shall have a crowd." "If it wasn't 'im it was his twin brother."snidthecook. "Ah, there he is. That's

He pointed to Henry's acquaintance of the previous day, who, with his hands in his pockets, was walking listlessly along on the other side of the road.

"You get back," said the skipper, horriedly. "You'd better run a little, then these staring idiots "Il follow you." The cook complied, and the curious, seeing that he appeared to be the more irmtional of the two, and far more likely to get into mischief, set off in pursuit. The skipper crossed the road and benan gently to overtake his quarry.

He po sed him, and looking back, regarded | thought might not interest the old man. him unobserved. The likeness was unmistakable, and for a few seconds he kept him a great deal. After that they were on his way, in doubt how to proceed. Then he stopped, and turning round, waited till the old man should come up to him. "Good morning," he said, pleasantly,

"Morning," seid the old man, balf stop-

'I'm in a bit of a difficulty," said the skipper, lozhy. "I've got a message to teliver to a manin this place and I can't find him. I wonder whether you could "What's his name?" asked the other.

"Capt. Gething," said the skipper. The old man started, and his face changed o an unwholesome white "I never heard of him." he muttered, thickly, trying to

"Nobody else seems to have heard of picture he had conjured up. him, either," said the sk'pper, turning with him: "that's the difficulty." He waited for a reply, but none came.

The old man, with set face, walked on 'He's supposed to be in hiding," continsed the skipper. "If you should ever run across him, you might tell him that his wife and daughter Annis have been wanting news of him for five years, and that he's taking all this trouble and fuss about a man who is as well and hearty as I am.

The old man stopped abruptly, and taking his outstretched hand, drew a deep

"Tell him -the-man-is alive" be said in a trembling voice.

"Just that," said the skipper gently, and seing the working of the other's face, looked away. For a little while they both stood silent, then the skipper spoke again. "If I take you back," he said, "I am to narry your daughter Annia," He put his and on the old man's, and without a word he ol" man terned and went with him. They walked back slowly toward the earbor, the young man talking the old

man listening. Outside the postoffice the supper came to a sudden stop 'How would it be to send a wire" he

"I think," said the old mad eagerly, as he followed him in, "it would be the very thing " Cap'n Getting," said the other, "He's ite stood watching attentively as the hardly the figure to meet his family skipper tore up blank after blank, medi-utively sucking the chained lead pencil with a view to inspiration between whiles hpt diething, as an filterate, had every sympathy with one involved in the throes writing, and for some time watched his

as he is." efforce in respectful silence. rifth blank had rolled, a little crumpled ball, ento the floor, however, he interposed. "I can't think how to put it," said the skipper apologetically. "I don't want to be too sudden, you know." "Just so," said the other, and stood

ratching him until, with a smile of numph twitching the corners of his mouth he skipper bent down and hastily scrawled off a message

"You've done it," he said with relief. "How does this strike you?" asked the cipper, reading. "Your father sends love

you both Benutiful," murmured Capt. Gething. "Not too sudden," said the skipper it doesn't say I've found you, or any thing of that sort; only hints at it. I'm

left the shop with the parcel: "it's only the lining. I'd fixed my mind on that 'You ought to be " said Cant. Gethber the was in the mood to be pleased with anything, "Lord, how pleased they'll be poor dears! I'm ashamed to face 'em.' "Stuff" said the skipper, who was in sigh spirits, as he clapped him on the What you want is a good stiff

He led them into a neighboring har and a little later the crew of the schooner, who had been casting anxious and cu rious glances up the quay, saw the couple approaching them. Both captains were noking big cigars in bonor of the occasien, and Capt. Gething, before going on oard, balted and in warm terms noticed the appearance of the Senmew

The crew, pausing in their labors, looked on expectantly as they reached the deck On the cook's face was a benevolent and proprietory smile, while Henry concealed anguish of soul under an appearance of stoic calm.

putting his hand on the cook's shoulder. this is the man that found you, cap'n. Smartest and best chap I ever had Flushed with these praises, but feelin

but he fully deserved them, the cook took the hand which Capt. Gething, after a short struggle with the traditions of ship master, extended, and shook it vigorously Having once started, he shook hands all round, winding up with the reluctant Why, I've seen this boy before," he

sald, starting "Had a chat with him yes terday. That's what brought me dow here today to see whether I could find him again " "Well I'm hanged!" said the astonished skipper. "He's as sharp as needles as a role What were you doing with

your eyes, Henry?" s he saw the joy depicted on the faces of he crew, the boyletthe question pass. The cook, at the skipper's invitation, followed him below, his reappearance being the signal for anxious inquiries on the part of his is pocket, and then thrusting his hand in produced five gold pieces. At first it was all congratulations, then Sam, after a short, hard cough, struck a jarring note. purty god yob down to the Yapman Valve Works, and I'llgas I'll kap it."—Springfield

the syndhet, Dick?" be asked, boldly, "Water" said the clok, hastily replace MR. SKINNER'S RELATIVES.

On a highway leading across the Arkunsas bottoms I found a native sitting 'adu't joined us," said Sam, trying to speak calmiy.

The cook threw out his hand and looked on a log with a shot gun across his knees, and after we had passed the time of day round appealingly to the landscape to bear witness to this appalling attempt at brig-I asked him if there was much game in the swamps

"No game right around yere," he re

pited "You are not shooting snakes?" "No. sah; I don't waste powder on

'Just out looking around, ch?" I continged, as I presented him with a new clay pipe and a paper of tobacco. "Stranger," he replied, as he thawed out a little, "I'm waitin' right here fur Abe

Skinner to cum along, and when he shows up sumbody's goin' to git popped!' "So you've had trouble with Mr. Skin-'Yes, sah. That Abe Skinner dun shot

The cook, moistening his lips with his tongue, resumed his discourse.
"Two pun ten," said Sam again: "an" one of my hawge." "But there's the law to get even with him Why don't you bring him to trial? with your balf, but I'm goin' to give ten

"Well, sab, when I found that he'd shot that hawg I went to the only constable around yere to see what I could do about it. That constable was a relushum of his, and he said I orter be plum glad that Abe didn't shoot me as well.

said the cook. "The syndikit was only a syndikit when we was both looking for tice of the peace for a warrant." That's enough about 'em," said Dick, That's what I did, sah. That jes tce he was a relashun o' Abe's, and be said durn the bawg and me, too."

I'm ashamed of you, cook. I wouldn't "And you din't see a law ver?" It ended in simple division, Dick taking ver Shad and to Lawyer Peters and to what was over on Sam's side and more Lawyer Davis, and every last one of 'em ounded on the table and dratted my hide cook a similar service. The cook turned a kase they war related to Abe Skinner. phatic language to step ashore and take If I should git that case into court the jedge would be agin me, the lawyer would mething, went and sulked in the galley be agin me, and the jury would all be At dinner-time a telegram came from related to Abe, and bring in a verdict of letter from her, which the skipper read not guilty and put the costs on to me.' "But baven't you sent word to Mr Skinner that he must settle the damages?" what jerkily, omitting sentences which he

Can't be did, sah. I've bin to three or perhaps, what was more likely, interest all busy taking in the cargo, Capt. Gething. and said he ofter shot my hull drove o'

"And so you are obliged to pop at him

"Got to do it, sah, but I recken it won't batches down. Below in the cabin the two cum to doin' any real shootin'. Abe, he'll cum along vere on his ole mewl, and I'll jump out on bim with a yell, and as soon "Get away about three, I s'pose," said as he gits over his skeer he'll want to settle the case

> 'That will be the best way." "Yes, I tecken. I'll want fo' dollars for that hawg, but bein' as Abe is related to me he'll dun want to git off fur two, and after awhile I'll take it."

"And Henry 'li be a little page in white "Mr. Skinner must have lots of relatives around here." I said, as I moved on. satin knickers, holding up the bride's train," said the mater spluttering at the "Heaps of 'em. stranger-beaps. Yes, sah; that's the tubble, sah, and if you They all loughed -all except Henry, who, happen to be a cousin of his jest let him know that his brother-in-law is waitin' having come down with some hot water

fur that hawg or he'll shoot."

A Georgia youth of literary tendencies ecided that his talents entitled him to a wider field. Once in New York, he would in literary clubs, form the acquaintance of great magazine and newspaper editors. and "get before the country.

He arrived in New York with eleven right dollars in his pocket, registered at a modest botel and went forth to conquer. "Borry" said the doorkeeper in the Harpers' establishment, "but the editor can't see anybody."

glimpse of his crew settling down to Blind, is be?" asked the literary aspirant. It was an example that under the cir-The door was "slammed in his face," and count saces seemed to be worth following. he forthwith proceeded to the Century and at the next public-house the mate

"Mr. Gilder was on a fishing excursion sion, drank port wine instead of his with ex-President Cieveland, and the other editors were spending the sommer in Euhe put his pipe back to his pocket and rope," was the information be received. accepted a cigar, and then followed his "Well, can't I edit the magazine while they're gone?" asked the irrepressible youth. He was threatened with arrest, and left

He next called at another leading maga-"I'm going to get some things for zine office, but was informed that the "He's market was overstocked and "every department was full."

paper offices. Mr. Bennett didn't want him because he couldn't speak French. Mr. Pulitzer said

merely feeling his own way now, and ouldn't reach out any. Finally Mr. Hearst took pity on him nd gave him an assignment to dive for Guldensuppe's nead. instigation he asked to see some more. At He accepted and Wasarrested as a would-

be suicide and locked up twenty-four hours. The New York policemen relieved him the remainder of his cash, and the hetel where he had first registered seized his baggage for board. The news comes to his friends, however

that he has at last succeeded in obtaining employment in a Chatham street restar rant, where he is washing dishes for a He now says that, while he wanted a wider field," he "didn't want one so

durn wide."-Atlanta Journal. Lay of the Texas Hen. We have read of Maud, on a

day, Who raked, barefooted, the new-mown hay; We have read of the maid in the early

Who maked the cow with the crumpled We've read the lays that the poets sine. Of the rusting corn and the flowers of Spring.

But of all the lays of tongue or pen There's naugut like the lay of the Texas Long, long before Maud rakes her hay,

The Texas ben begins her lay.

Ane ere the milkmaid stirs a peg The ber, is up and has dropped her egg. spring. If they'd hold their own with the barnyard

If Maud is needing a hat or gown

She doesn't hustle her hay to town. She goes to the store and obtains her suit, For a basketful of fresh hen fruit. If the milkmaid's beau makes a Sunday

She doesn't feed him on milk at all, But she works the eggs into a custard ple, And stuffs him full of chicken fry. When the old man really wants a born Does he take the druggist (?) a load of

Not much! He simply robs a nest, And to town he goes-you know the rest. He lingers there and talks perchance Of true reform and correct fee-nance, While his poor wife stays at home and scowis,

But is saved from want by these self-same fowls, For while her husband lingers there She watches the cackling hens with care.

And gathers eggs, and the eggs she's. hide, Till she's saved enough to stem the title. Then ball, all ball, to the Texas hen, The greatest blessing of all to men! Throw up your hats and make home how! For the persevering barnyard fowl. Though cotton's ting, it's plainly seen That the Texas ben is really queen.

Under the Mist

"Steady, men -steady!" division, as it stands in the battle-line, is w brigade held in reserve, massed in a hollow of the open field to protect it from the direct fire of the enemy. Down on the lines men are cheeting as they load and fire. Back here there is cursing and scowling only, with now and then a shrick of pain or a low groan as a missile of war finds its billet.

At first the men mumbled their satisfaction at being held in reserve. Then the suspense of waiting began to tell on them, and man after man began to shift creeps into the heart and must soldiers be about uneasily, to growl and complain to grow pale-faced and look furtively

Put a raw recruit on a battle-line and he will load and fire-shoot to killmake a hero of himself sometimes. Put an old veteran in reserve, where he has no chance to strike back, and where the ispense will cut up his nerve, and in an hour he is ready to boit. Say, now, but what's the matter with

you?" growls the old second sergeant, as the man on his left swings his cap and cries out in a broken voice "Let's cheer," teplies the man through

his clicking teeth. "You keep quiet- Say, Bings, the boys will git on to your racket if you don't slow Hang it, man, you are ready to run. but if you try it you'll git dropped. Brace

up, can't you?".

There were a hundred similar cases in the brigade. Suspense will make a man more cowardly than the sight of a dozen muskets levelled straight at his breast. The sergeant himself was pale-faced and weak in the knees, but he had a firmer grip on his nerves.

"Yes, it's a bot place," he said, as if speaking to hin self, "but they won't keep gs here long. They are doing some awful fighting down there on the left, and we'll | no ill be needed soon to stop a gap. There goes another poor devil, but what in Texas does he want to yell out that way for? He isn't the only man who'll be food for the crows before sundown. Keep off, I say! If you don't stop crowding me I'll give you the toot! The idea of an old cuss you playing baby!"

At the end of an hour the brigade needs but a bill in the crash of a tattle a shrick from some one hit by a bul--and the ranks will break tack and take the officers with them and disgrace selves forever. The men know itthe officers feel it and all cheer again nd again as an aide dashes up with orders to the brigadier. Our lines on the left are being forced back. Every musket barrel is red hot-every foot of ground has its blood spot-but the enemy is too strong. The emergency calls for the re-"Attention! Attention! Left-facemarch! "Aye! this is better!" growls the old

sergeant, as the lines murch away "If a man's going to be killed it's a blamed mean trick to keep him waiting all day for the bullet. What did you say, Bings.** "Well-we'll git bell down there!" re

piled Bings as he nodded his head and shut his teeth hard to keep his chin from quivering "You bet, but that's what we're here for. Yes, the next hour will make a heap o' widders and orphans in our State.

Woosh! That bullet didn't miss my head by more'n an inch! "By the right into line-forward

A dozen men fling up their arms and pitch forward as the lines top the rbige-a ore are left behind on the edge of the black cloud hanging low over the fighters. Then the Second flings itself down in the gap and pours its volleys into the gray lines breaking out of the orchard There is cheering with the first volleys then no man uses his voice except to mutter and curse Exultation is followed by grim-Some men talk to themselves as they lead and fire- others to the man on the right or left. Hear the old veteran with the scar

on his cheek anostrophizing: "Oh! you are down there are you and you want to kill some one! Well, damn you take that, and I've got some more left, and I want you to understand that we can kill

as many as you can!" And the sergeants and corporals corse the men-curse and revile them-and the men curse each other and the enemy and all else, and whenever the musketry stackens this growling and corsing is a be compared to the blokering of wolves over a bone. No man is himself. Look into the face of the comrade who has shared your blanket for the last year and every familiar line has disappeared from his face. There is a look of mingled ferocity and apprehension-such a look as you would find in the face of an outlaw driven to buy and determined to die alone No one will admit tomorrow that he cursed God and man he will not remember that he heard others curse.

Here and there an officer may note the flight of time in battle, but a private soldier never. Time is absolutely forgotten. a sudden-so it seemed to the men of the Second-the sun dropped out of sight, and twilight and the powder ake brought darkness. The firing stackened away to a growl, and as the stars came out a sign of relief went up and down the long front. The battle was over. Those each other in a strange, dazed away, and if they spoke it was in whispers. Like automatons, they moved at the hearse com-mands of the officers, and ere any man flung himself down to rest the lines were re-formed for the attack that daylight would bring. Over the dead and over the younded marched the living, moving like phantoms in the darkness, and never a wounded man cried out. It was only when there came such silence that the cricket in the grass began to sing that a wall of war ascended to heaven from the neutral ground between the lines. It was a low, strange sound at first-one to make th heart beat faster. Then it grew into a wail-into a moan-into a cry of distress which made even the hungry horses lift their heads and point their ears and stare into the darkness. The Lush of battle had brought the wounded out of their letnargy. and they were walling with pain and cry

"Well, I'll be hanged!" It was the grim old sergeant. He had fought the battle to its very close, and the last volley had dropped hi a dozen of his comrades. As he lifted self on his elbows and peered about bim through the darkness they were calling his name a mile to the rear, and writing the word "Dead" after it. He had een as dead for two hours. of night had brought him back from the borders of the valley. "Water! Water! Help! Help! Say.

isn't there any one to hear me?" "Say, you. Rings, but what ye makin' ch a fuss about?" growled the sergeant as he recognized the voice of his comrade "I'm wounded—I'm dying!" "Well, what of it? D'ye imagine

re the only one hit today? I think there are a few others of us around here." "But I want water-water-water!" obbed Bings. "Of course, you do, and so do I and the rest of the crowd, but where ye goin' to

git it? I've got a builet in the kip, and bands on the bucket of the old well at ome, but playin' bady won't bring water.

Better save yer breath to git well on Out of a thousand soldiers killed in the heat of battle all may die bravely Out of a thousand wounded not a score have nerve enough left to bear the pain and thirst without calling out. Men die with a spoile on their faces when death comes quickly. When death impers, and the coming of night and the waits of other wounded are added to it, a horrible fear

come as children.
"Won't they come-won't they bring wateri" mouned bing, after a period of silence, during which other wounded men could be beard solbing gad mounting-

Didn't I tell ye to shut up that lowlin' and cryin'?" exclaimed ti he struggled to sit up and fell tack again. "Who's goin' to come because ye havi? That's what we are here for-to stop builets. Mebbe somebody will come along by and by, but if ye how! any more I'll be over there and stop it." Then Bings became afraid of his fellow-

sufferer-afraid of him as well as of the darkness, of his sufferings and of the dead around him, and he hugged the earth more losely and covered his face with his hands. He had received a bullet in the body, but perhaps the wound was not mortal. If he kept quiet-if the other man did not crawi ver and bayonet him, he might not die

'There ought to be canteens around ere," muttered the sergeant, as he lifted himself again, "and if I can find one, I'll divide the water with ye. Can you sit up and feel around?"

Bings did not reply. The thought had come to him to play dead until help should arrive. That was a vagary. The other was simply blust-spoke

"Fainted away or dead, ch? Well, he's lots of company on this front. Hell, but how it hurts me to move! Here's a full carteen, and the owner'll never want it any more. Ah! but that's glorious. Have a pull at it, old boy" Bings Would have given thousands for a of water, but he feared to answer. As he lay trembling the thought came to

for him to reach out his finade, and grown, after grain escaped from between his clenched teeth, as he fastened his fingers in the grass and pulled his body along. "What we doln' over there?" demanded

him to creep away, and he put it into exe-

cution at once. It was torture, and more

the sergeant, after draining the last drup in No answer. The teeth shut hander and the fear grew greater. Inch by inch the man increased his distance, and by and by he rested between two dead men thirty feet away; There was a hope to his heart ears caught the sound of footstens, he felt the vibration of the earth, and he almost shringed out as a Wounded horse staggered forward and looked down at him and whimp-

ered in a coaxing way. "Go away, Death-co away!" whispered the man as he lifted his hands. "I want Water-I want belp-I want to live. Keep back -don't touch me-I'H-I'

And the horse stretched his neck forward and put his murrle against a dead men's face. He whimpered again and again, berging for a word or a touch of the hand, and by and by he backed off and limped over to where the sergeant lay in a stupor What is it? A horse, ch? Come

here, old fellow. nose to my check. It was a red hot fight, wasn't it, and we got the worst We'll barte 'em tomorrow though. Second Brigade never stays licked more's a day at a time. Coaxin' for water, ch? Well, I haven't a drop. Say, it's growin' darker. And I don't And sav-say-when a feller's dyin' he feels-he feels-say-

And the hand which rested on the there was a gurde and a shiver, and peered around him at the dead, and sens forth a neigh so foud and long-drawn that the half-asleep sentinels between the

'reused up and whispered to each others the durkness on the bettlefield!

CHARLES R LEWIS.

Naosen's Bluff. When Fridtjof Nansen was a young student he attended a ball and do nany partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets to his fodgings he heard loud outcries from a woman who was struggling with two ruffians. In an ther moment the woman broke away from them and can toward the spot where Nan as standing The two men were close be-

hind her in bot pursuit Namen was an athlete, full of courage vigor, and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infuriated suers to halt, standing directly in their way, and hitting out first at one and then at the other. The ruftlans, angered by this unexpected attack, turned rescutfully upon re-cuer and would have overpowered and possibly have murdered him, if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throw coat collar so as to expose the cotillon favors which he had worn during

the ball, he sternly asked them if they knew who he was The two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apologized roughly for not recognizing his their arms, and sneaked off in the opposite direction from that which the woman had taken - Youth's Companion.

Cruelty to a Kentuckian.

"I understand, colonel," remarked the nquiring lourist from the North, address ing the prominent son of the Dark and bloody Ground, "that there is said to be a raving maniac running at large in the for

"Well, suh." replied Col. Corkright, "a dastablely scondrel of a traveling hypnitizuh came along and gave an exhibition in cou'se of the evening he hypnitized Ma tub Bludsoe, one of our most influential citizens, and while he had him unduh his co trol he made the majoh drink a gines of watch, sub, telling him it was twenty car-old Bou'bon whisky. The diabolical dose had such an awful effect upon the vic tim-a good deal like hydrophobia, only a heap wo'se-that the hypnotizah bee frightened at what he had done and fled to the woods, leaving the majub going from

"It took two docturs all the rest of the night and half of the next day to resto the match to a clear understanding of the infuhnal outrage which had been pubpetrated an blm, and when he came to bimself at last he drew his revolvuh and plunged into the woods, swearing by the ghost of the il-Instrious Henry Clay that he would neither eat nor sleep till he had avenged the wrong. And I judge, suh, that the repo't you have heard about a maniac in the wods was stahted by some stranguh, who had caught a glampse of the majuh."-New York